

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SATISFACTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLIO STANLEY.

A day and a night—and the storm came down:
The wind and the rain together
Beat ominously on my garden-ground.
The all in the garden were wet,
My wife had covered her beautiful head,
And my boy, heavy-hearted,
Leaned to the earth; so joy and I
Leaned to the earth.

To a day and a night were parted!

One little day of happiness,
One little eve of gladness;
All beyond the sea of doubt my love
Left me, and I was desolate;
But soft the home-wind blows to-night,
And the silver shore seems nearer;
The voice of memory, clear and sweet,
Sounds nearer still and clearer!

O, life! let your white ship sail fast;
For the days and the nights are lonely;
O, we have been so happy,
Requited by your sad waves only;
On either shore true lovers stand;
But to-day must we go now;
Ere the sun sets, the boat will bring us
The balm for all our sorrow!

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It was just such a spot as romance delighted to revel in, being the picturesque lawn pertaining to a handsome villa, called Roundwood, situated on the banks of the Hudson.

Two persons were sauntering along one of the gravel walks—gentleman and a lady. Both were young, and both more than ordinarily handsome.

The lady had a lithe, tenuous figure; a calm, bright face, with eyes blue as some fringed gentian; a red, ripe, strawberry-colored mouth, and an abundance of lily-white hair, soft as rose silk and as yellow as spun gold.

In his way the young gentleman might be considered a type of manly perfection, being tall and straight and strong, with features that would have done honor to a Greek god; a frank, fearless hand; eyes bold brown, and rich, brown hair, with a slight tendency to curl.

This young Apollo was named Vincent Haynam. His and his twin-brother, Victor, were the only children of their widowed mother, the mistress of Roundwood.

The young lady, Miss Dora Desmond by name, was a sort of protégé of Mrs. Haynam's; that is, one of those incomprehensible feminine friendships that sprang up between the two, in consequence of which Miss Desmond, though a young lady of fortune and position, spent much of her time at Roundwood.

Mrs. Haynam fondly hoped that she would eventually come there "for good," as the bride of one of her sons.

Her wishes seemed likely to be consummated, for both the young men were fond of Dora. But more of that anon. The history of their attachments must be unfolded gradually.

It is with Vincent Haynam that we have to do at the present moment. At the time when we introduce him to the reader, he had been but a few hours in the house, having returned that morning from a pleasure trip to some of the Southern States.

From the moment of crossing the threshold of his home he had been in a frame of mind anything but enviable. The cause of his anxiety may be explained in two words; he had observed certain indications in his brother's manner towards Dora Desmond, and in Dora's manner towards his brother, which proved conclusively to his mind that unless he made some bold and decided movement the young lady was lost to him forever.

Hence, he had instantly determined to make such a movement.

He waited, with all the patience he could command, until the early dinner was over. Then he had said:

"I have not seen the flower garden since my return, and I take a deep interest in anything of the sort. Miss Dora, may I trouble you to show it me?"

Wholly unconscious of his motive, she nodded a smiling assent; and that is the way things happened to be unearthing about in the gravel walk.

When he once had all to himself on the lawn, however, the sly young fellow seemed to have forgotten the flower garden entirely. He led her up and down the various paths, talking glibly, but with a certain deep look in his hazel eyes which was not often to be seen there.

At last he paused, and slightly pressed the young girl's hand.

"Dora," he said, eagerly, "can you not guess why I brought you here?"

"To see the flower garden, of course," she answered, innocently. "Shall we approach it a little faster?"

"No." His hand now clung to hers as if it never intended to let go. "I don't care a rush for the flower garden. I wanted to see you alone, because I have something to say to you."

He started at that, and drew slightly away from her.

"I do not know what you can have to communicate that might not have been told just as well at the house."

"Of course you do not," he cried, impatiently. "I have never meant to wear my heart on my sleeve when others were about, Dora. But I don't mind wearing it there now, since you and I are alone together. Indeed, I would be glad to have



"A MAN'S FIGURE CROUCHING, GLIDING, CREEPING THROUGH THE SHADOWY DARKNESS."

you read for yourself all there is in it. I should thus save the trouble of putting its secret into words."

Dora flushed and then paled again. "I will save you the trouble," she said, a trifle haughtily, "by going back to the house."

She sought to move on, but he caught both her hands now, and held her fast.

"Perhaps I'm a fool for speaking out so abruptly," he exclaimed, half apologetically, and looking at her, ready to look.

"But I'm afraid to keep my opinion to myself any longer. I fear a thousand ills that shall be nameless. Oh, Dora, I love you! I cannot give you up! I will not!" There, you know now what there was in my heart that I wished to put into words. You know my secret."

He spoke rapidly, and in a tone of half-desperate vehemence. He could not help observing the girl's shrinking gesture, but went on to the end in spite of it.

Dora grew paler than before, and trembled faintly: "I am sorry," she murmured.

"I do not love you."

The words dropped clear and silvery from her lips this time. And they were such words as struck a death blow to his hopes.

He turned away from her for an instant, so that she could not see his face; but his head was down, and with his heel he was slowly grinding a hole in the gravel of the walk. At last he gasped huskily, like a man catching his breath:

"I think I understand how it is," he said, presently wheeling round again. "My brother Victor has been before me. You love him."

She did not answer, but a sudden fire leaped into her eyes.

He saw it. "Nay do not be angry with me, Dora," he exclaimed. "I do not wish to complain, or even force a confidence from you. Since the hour of your precious love is past for me, I am only too glad that I have been banished upon Victor."

"I did not say that," she cried, naively.

"There is no need. And I repeat that I am glad. My brother is a noble fellow. If anybody in all the wide world is worthy of such purity and loveliness, Victor is that man."

She looked up at him quickly, a little flushed with surprise breaking over her face. It was something new in her experience of men for a rejected suitor to extol his favors.

"Dear Vincent," she said, with sudden warmth. "I never knew before what a good, true heart throbs in your bosom. Believe me, I am very deeply grieved that I should have caused you the least pain."

Then she gave a sigh. He bowed low over it, so that his face was hidden from her for the second time. After a minute's silence, he lifted the little snow-flake kiss to his lips and pressed a kiss upon it.

Dora drew back hastily. Her quick ear had caught the sound of a step on the gravel. Looking up, she saw an almost marvellously beautiful woman approaching.

She was tall and elegant, and beautifully dressed. Her face was generously tinged with dark blood, the lips pulped with incisive crimson, and a rich carmine color glowing on either cheek. Indeed, she was one of those flawless faces for which another Marc Antony might fling a world away.

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"Yes. Why not? Did you think nobody deserved the hand she had the soul to appreciate that angle?"

"No, no, no!"

The denial was uttered in a rapid, half-frightened tone of voice. Vincent glanced up quickly at his brother's face.

"Forgive me again," he murmured, sweetly. "I am not quite myself to-day. I don't mind telling you that the disappointment was very bitter—for of course Dora rejected my love. But I shall get over it in time, my brave boy. I shall become accustomed to thinking of her as your promised wife."

"Poor Vincent."

"Nay, don't pity me. I couldn't bear that just at the present time. Besides, I can conquer my love very soon, now that I have no helplessness in the shrubbery."

Dora was shivering there in the warm sunlight as if an icy breath of air had blown over her.

"I do not know what you can have to communicate that might not have been told just as well at the house."

"Of course you do not," he cried, impatiently. "I have never meant to wear my heart on my sleeve when others were about, Dora. But I don't mind wearing it there now, since you and I are alone together. Indeed, I would be glad to have

you happen shall not alienate us in the slightest degree; promise me that."

"I do promise."

"Mim Honoria Peyton."

"Do you know her?"

"Slightly. We have met, casually, two or three times."

"In the grounds, I suppose?"

"Yes. Your mother has given her the privilege of coming here to walk as often as she pleases."

"Does she frequently avail herself of the permission?"

"Quite frequently."

"And you know nothing of her history?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. She lives quite sedulously at Lotus Lodge with a single servant, who accompanied her when she came. She has neither received nor paid visits, and yet she seems to be wealthy and accomplished."

"Strange," muttered Vincent, thoughtfully. "Why should a young and beautiful woman seclude herself in that manner? There must be something in her past life which she wishes to conceal."

"I do not know."

Dora drew a sharp, more closely around her lips this time. And they were such words as struck a death blow to his hopes.

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Vincent felt worried and annoyed. A fuming, impetuous look came into his hazel eyes. He made a movement as if he would have pushed rudely past his brother, then turned and went suddenly upstairs, thus putting an end to the conversation.

Victor clung to the baluster, feeling hurt and shocked.

"This is awkward, very awkward," he muttered, thoughtfully. "It is strange that I never suspected Vincent of caring for Dora. But what can I do? I love her, and she loves me."

Before his meditations had proceeded any further, there came a hasty pull at the door-bell, and a servant shortly made his appearance in the hall.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he announced.

"You would not answer my letters."

"I received none."

"Not even that in which I asked the loan of five thousand dollars?"

"I told you," cried Victor, angrily. "That I received no letters whatever."

"Then they must have been intercepted."

I wrote several; and, not hearing from you in return, I made bold to come to Roundwood in person."

"You shall have the money. I will fetch it to you in the village. You shall have it at whatever cost to myself. Will not that promises content you? Will you not go, my brother?"

"Yes, I will go."

He turned, as he spoke, and moved towards the door. Just at that instant light footsteps were heard in the passage outside. Uttering a shrill, despairing cry, Victor darted forward with the intent of keeping out all intruders.

He was too late. The knob turned, and the door sprung on its hinges before he could possibly reach it. A woman slowly crept in through the threshold.

It was Mrs. Haynam. She was still a young-looking woman, although considerably on the shady side of forty. But she had one of those complexion that do not lose their freshness easily. There were lines of care and suffering, however, round the sweet, mobile mouth.

"I came for the book I was reading last night," she began. "It is—"

She stopped abruptly, alarmed by the strange pallor of Victor's face. Then her startled gaze wandered quickly to the countenance of the man who stood beside him. She stared at the stranger an instant as if all her faculties had been suddenly merged in that of sight. Her face blanched to the hue of a corpse; the cold dampness of fear stood out in great beads on her forehead. She threw up both her arms with a wild, wild cry.

Then she fell on the floor at her son's feet, in a dead swoon.

Victor gave a savage growl, such as might have come from the throat of some infuriated wild beast.

"Devil!" he roared, shaking his clenched fist in the leering face of his visitor. "this is your work. If she is dead, I will kill you!"

"Bah!" he said, in a snarling answer. "Women don't die so easily. She has only fainted."

Victor lifted that poor, senseless figure in his arm, and bore it to a couch.

"I pray God that she did not recognize you," he murmured. "I hope she will never know you for the hardened villain you are."

"Victor, don't be tragic, my dear Victor. The role does not become you."

At that, the young man swung on his heel and faced him, a sudden fury flashing from his hazel eyes.

"Farewell, the house, scoundrel," he said, between his shut teeth. "Or, by the heaven above us, I'll call the servants and have you driven from the door, let the consequences to myself be what they will."

"Softly, my young friend, softly. You seem to forget the nature of the tie that unites you and me."

Victor caught his breath sharply.

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take me from the contemplation of my misery—the sleep of death."

Victor looked at Dora; his eyeballs were hot and burning. "Comfort her—comfort her," he whispered hoarsely. "I cannot."

She swept up to him. "God forgive you," she said in Victor's ear, "if you have brought all this anguish on the householdmen in the world."

Then she laid her hands on his shoulder. "If I pray to be right, as our Mrs. Rayburn does, she murmured, with tears in her eyes. "You frightened and distress us. What you did not do to that horrid man will not let the house to make you sleep like this!"

"Her face was like the face of a hawk."

I know years ago, I believed and hoped that he might be dead. Raygo, I see it was all a mistake. He tries to reflect and entice us still. That false name does not impress me."

"It is an accidental resemblance, perhaps. Such things are common, though uncommonable. Would this man have come and gone so abruptly, if he had really been a person with whom you were once on terms of intimacy? No, no."

Victor was walking rapidly backwards and forwards in the room. He now eagerly approached.

"Dora is right," he said. "You have lost the victim of some strange delusion. But it comes from your mind, my dear mother. I don't know whom Miles Raygo may have resembled. It does not matter. He is just Miles Raygo, and nobody else. The fact that he looked like the Pope of Rome would not make him that angel of darkness, would it? A fig for these chance resemblances!"

He laughed, a false, gaudy sort of laugh, that made Dora shiver. But it served its purpose with Mrs. Rayburn, who was too anxious and wretched to be a close observer.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, slowly. "And I have been the victim of a delusion. If so, however, preserve me from such another."

"Amen."

She began gently to stroke Victor's hair. "My son, you do not know what a shock I have had. I think it would have killed me if Miles Raygo had proved to be the person I took him for, and you had learned the whole truth concerning him. There, there! Don't question me, please. Go away with Dora, and I will try to sleep when I get quite to myself."

"No."

He walked quickly towards the door, looking back for Dora when only half way across the floor. She hit her hand, hesitated a minute, but finally followed him out.

"I don't understand the harm you seem to be in to quit your mother's side," she said, as they stood alone in the passage.

"She wished me to go away."

"But! You were not in the least reluctant to do so. I could see it all."

Victor looked hurt and grieved. He had never seen Dora in such a mood before. She seemed almost like an enemy.

Something rustled against the skirt of the girl's dress as she turned to move away. It was a folded slip of paper. She saw there was writing upon it, and stooped to pick it up.

"Take it," she cried, thrusting it before Victor's face. "Who knows but that it may contain some awful secret?" It was dropped by that mysterious friend of yours, who, it seems, is destined to bring trouble upon us all. Take it."

The scorn expressed in face and voice was without mercy.

The young man seized quickly upon the paper, and spread it open to the palm of his hand, his eyes quickly devouring its contents.

"Strange," he muttered, then, looking both relieved and puzzled.

"What is strange?"

He studied the paper attentively for a moment, then gave it back to Dora.

"Read, and so learn for yourself."

She did read—these words:

"Kind friends, into whose hands, God willing, these lines shall fall, come quickly to my relief. I write this with my blood on a leaf torn from my pocket book. I have been shut up in a mad house through the machinations of a fiend in human shape. Oh, in the name of all you hold dear and sacred, I entreat you to come."

Here, the writing ended abruptly, as if there had been an interruption. Dora shuddered as she looked at the mysterious lines, for they were indeed of the color of blood.

"What does this mean?" she gasped.

Victor slowly shook his head. "I'm quite as much in the dark as yourself. You say that this paper was dropped by Miles Raygo. Are you sure—perfectly sure?"

"Yes. I saw it fall to the floor just as he stepped into the passage. But I could not tell exactly whether he had purposely thrown it or not."

"Give it back to me."

Victor carefully folded it, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. "Miles never meant to leave that paper behind him," he muttered, as he went slowly upstairs. "I know the man too well to think that I fear he is concerned in something terribly wrong that is being done. But how can I hinder it—how could I expose him even if—"

He stopped abruptly, and drew a long, choking breath, while his countenance wore an expression of such bitter anguish as would have softened even Dora's heart, could she have seen it.

His thoughts dwelt for some minutes on the mystery of writing—but he could get no clear idea of the nature of the writing at which the lines hinted, farther than that some sane person had been shut up in a mad-house and was making assistance.

But there was no such institution in the neighborhood, nor could he tell where the particular one to which the writing referred was located, or who had been there incarcerated.

Finally, he dismissed the whole matter from his mind. He had too many woes of his own to dwell long upon those of others.

The afternoon wore on. Mrs. Rayburn continued to be in a nervously prostrated condition. Victor dared not approach her, under such circumstances, to give the five thousand dollars Miles Raygo had demanded. He was doubtful if she had so large a sum at her immediate disposal.

Having delivered himself of this opinion, the lawyer shut his lips sharply and threw himself back in a chair dejectedly silent.

He had uttered his last word of remonstrance.

It was now Dora's turn to begin, and she did. With her arms thrown tightly round Mr. Ketcham's neck, she said in an earnest whisper,

"Dad, dear, dear friend, I entreat you to accept this paper in Miles Raygo's suggestion. For my sake, for your own sake, for the good of us all, hide that hateful money, and tell no body where you have put it."

Mrs. Rayburn seemed staggered by this appeal. She unclasped Dora's clinging arms and looked at her searching.

"You, too!" she exclaimed. "Are you all going mad? or is it I who have taken leave of my senses? No matter. I have already announced my decision, and shall not change it without a better reason than has yet been advanced. Faugh! To listen to your talk, one would think my house was a madhouse. I have lost all patience with you."

And then came those abrupt words, the answer came back—brief and to the point—

"I'll wait one week for the money. Not a day over."

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Five days went by.

Mrs. Rayburn recovered from her indisposition in the interval. But she still appeared more than usually grave and cautious. She trembled at the slightest sound, and every ring at the dinner-table was sure to draw the color from her face.

One day—it was the ninth—she received a visit, which, considering the after consequences, we cannot pass by in silence. The

visitor in question was her man of business, Mr. Ketcham.

She received him in the library. Both Victor and Dora Desmond were present, and set very much apart—as lovers are apt to do for they were now fully reconciled.

"I have paid your sum in Desmond's account to your credit," said Mr. Ketcham, "and as the amount of the conversation, I have got along best to close with."

"Very well," responded Mrs. Rayburn, somewhat weary. "You do not even ask how much I ought to pay in question."

"I ask you now," she said, smiling.

"Humph. It fetched five thousand dollars at least six hundred more than it is worth. And here is the money in crisp bank notes."

Victor kept away from her, sulking moodily in one corner, where he pored over the Times and Herald as if his life's happiness were staked on the outcome of the two news papers.

Miss Rayburn sat at a little stand, busy with her work. She merely glanced up with a grave nod when Dora entered the apartment, and then silently resumed her work.

Vincent, however, was of gay, brilliant, and talkative as ever. At no time had he avoided Dora.

"My dear friend, you do not even ask how much I ought to pay in question."

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"Humph. It fetched five thousand dollars at least six hundred more than it is worth. And here is the money in crisp bank notes."

When they separated for the night he pressed her hand gently, and said his goodnight with her breath, with a quick glance in Mrs. Rayburn's direction.

"I wish you would notice my mother, Miss Dora. I am sure she isn't looking as well as usual to-night."

"She is pale," admitted Dora.

"I shall take her into the dining room and make her drink a glass of wine before she retires."

He was as good as his word. A few minutes later, from the upper landing, where he had paused to take breath, Dora saw Vincent lead his mother into the dining room.

They left the door on the swing behind them, and she could distinctly see the side board, which was opposite. Vincent poured out some wine, which Mrs. Rayburn drank with apparent reluctance.

"How do you like it?" she heard him ask.

"It is a wretched stuff," said Mrs. Rayburn putting down the glass with a shudder of disgust.

"You'd better throw away that bottle, Vincent. It must have been put here by mistake."

"Yes, I will throw it away."

Dora passed on, and heard no more. Not sleep, however. Once within the solitude of her own apartment, thoughts of the money locked in the desk down stairs recurred with ten-fold persistency. She could not banish them, though she tried earnestly with a grain.

"It will be safe enough. I shall lock it in my desk. And the servants are all honest. Besides, I will try to bank it myself to-morrow—that is, the overplus that can be spared."

"I wouldn't advise you to neglect it too long," was the dry response.

Mrs. Rayburn smiled again. The lawyer's fear of thives only annoyed her, for she had perfect faith in every member of the little household.

"Come here, Victor," she called, looking toward the corner where the young man had encouned him with a smile. "I want you to take this roll of bills to my desk and put them in the safe there."

Victor now rose up reluctantly. He trembled a little. As his fingers closed over the money in a nervous, feverish way, he could not help recalling what Dora had just said to him.

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Branwell answered, "I believe there has been some family trouble, but I am not prepared to say what."

The physician stood thoughtfully a moment, and then said, "I have no wish to pry into her affairs; I only thought it almost certain that some mortal disquietude was preying upon her. But whatever be the case, her life has been a sacrifice. She cannot live."

Branwell listened without half comprehending. He had never thought of such an ending—life, success, seemed at the command of Miss Lorillard.

"Do you care to tell me that Miss Lorillard will die?" he said, comprehending at last how the hand held toward him could be cut by such a blow. And yet he shrank from the physician's words when he repeated:

"Yes, she cannot survive the spring. Only an indestructible will could have sustained her thus far in such an appearance of health as she has maintained."

"Is there then no chance of recovery?"

"None. It is a wasting—a consumption without the pain that so frequently accompanies it. Nothing can revivify her."

Branwell, left alone in his library, paced up and down like a prisoner whose release was near. He was shocked, he was pained, but he could not receive such news with that feeling only. In vain he reproved himself that he should feel relieved at the prospect of the death of any one. Then he reflected that her death would leave him still bold, for his conviction was unalterable that she was not his wife; it left him still bold to myth, a ghost which he could never discover. Now that his wishes led him to believe that she was really his wife, he could not forget the doubts which had filled every thought when he expected her to live, to maintain her claims, and the doubts were as strong as ever.

April's air, facile and soft, was caressing the earth, and the sunshine grew richer every day, but Miss Lorillard did not now come down stairs at all. She could not inhale the sweeteness of promise in the air.

The opium which had so long sustained her could not longer feign a strength which was not there, though it softened the almost interminable days of solitude.

Every morning, when Branwell inquired concerning her, the answer was, "She is nearly the same, perhaps a little weaker." And at last one day the servant came to him with the request that he would come to Miss Lorillard's room.

She was leaning back in a large lounging chair which was drawn up before the grate. She was dressed with elegance, but with all the comfort so necessary to illness, and the soft folds of her wrapper fell round her with the grace peculiar to everything connected with her.

Branwell's face grew a tinge paler as he looked at her—a pale shadow of what she once had been. Large-eyed, hollow-cheeked, with lips an unnatural scarlet even for her, and that sadness of all brilliancy in her eyes—the last flame of a life-time.

He came and sat down by her side, and took that she had made with gentleness that one who did not know them both might have said tender. She looked at him intently with a gaze he could not interpret, for he had never seen it before.

At last, with a faint smile and an accent of the cynicism which was a part of her, she said:

"I never thought there was much merit in death-bed confessions, for one is sure of stepping so conveniently out of the way of all results of such avowals. But I have a story to tell you which the cure and near prospect of death alone enables me to relate. You will have patience if I am led into a longer relation than you may expect."

Branwell's face told her even before he replied in words, and she went on:

"I have a desire that you should know something of my childhood, my early girlhood, for there are some people charitable enough to consider that one's early life has an influence upon all their remaining years. My birthplace was a small town in Massachusetts. My mother was a Frenchwoman, and my father an American. When I was so young as to be able to remember but vaguely about my first home, my parents removed to Paris, to the home of my mother. I could never respect either my father or my mother, though both were fond of me and dressed me with a display which they thought my beauty demanded. Every influence fostered all those of untruth in me. I was a coquette as soon as I had become conscious of my beauty. I loved intrigue for its own sake, and my mother's associates were the most numerous and the profligate. I finally discovered that my father was a professed and usually a successful gambler, but the fact did not shock me. In the fewest words I can tell you the sad truth—that at seventeen I was so far initiated in the ways of the world that nothing shocked me. I was urged to marry, but I was wilful and would not, though numerous suitors, of a rank above our own, begged for my hand. When I was twenty my mother died, and soon afterward my father, disgusted with his want of success, removed to Germany, going from one watering-place to another as his fancy dictated. In those excursions I was his accomplice, my face and my address doing justly as much as his skill, until Clitheroe's daughter was but too well known. At Hamburg he became acquainted with a young American, and from the first time fancied her love. My father was angry; he did not wish me to leave him, and opposed me to the full extent of his power, of course, had the effect of driving me more reckless than ever, and I married the young man and we came to America—to New York. You can easily imagine that I should not make the most doting of wives. It was perhaps not his fault, but, well versed as I was, I was deceived in my husband. We quarrelled; I learned at last that the marriage between us was invalid, that he had been married previously, and that his wife was still living. I left him and resumed my maiden name."

She had been talking slowly, but she was fatigued, the bright spots on her cheeks despatched. She paused, and he said:

"You were a witness to my marriage—you are Louise Clitheroe, the witness of whom I could gain no clue."

"Yes, I am Louise Clitheroe. I was in the country for my health some six months after the discovery that I was not his wife. It was by accident that I learned of the ceremony that was to take place in the house near where I was. I was impressed by the unusual arrangement of the affair, and did not forget it, though I did not think of it then as anything from which I could construct any scheme. I had some money; for while I lived in comparative quiet, but such a life grew tame and insufficient for me. I was an adventurer by inheritance and education. I became acquainted with Morton, and he related to me the circumstances of your marriage, and told me of the great wealth you possessed. Then I inquired and found that the witness, Mrs. Palmer, was dead, lay across her white fingers and its darkness seemed more dark by contrast. He did not speak, but he thought, "It is the Fornor about whom the young man at C— told me. She is dark." Then, as that idea flashed through his mind, she opened a dagger-scarp case in his hand. He opened it with her eyes upon him, and saw a face, how utterly different from the one beside him! He could not mistake it, and that conviction took the blood in very leaps through his frame; his eyes grew dark with their dilatation, for he looked upon the picture of the girl whom he had first seen in the Cave of the Winds.

"It was none other, though this face was not more than sixteen years of age—dark, as the night, and as the chimney smoke. It was too terrible, too dangerous, exhilarating for me to forego—this idea that came to me of claiming to be your wife. I prevailed upon Morton to testify falsely. I discovered that the marriage was secret, and I believed I knew well enough that the true wife would never appear. I thought of this long before I began the realization of my plans. As soon as I knew of the death of the minister and the witness, from that time I was resolved. I inquired carefully about your affairs about Fornor Lorillard, about everything."

"I learned where you were—that you had recovered your sight, and that you were to return within a few months. At that time I

was obliged to visit Paris on business, intending to return directly. I did so. Chance prompted you to embark in the same steamer, so that I met you sooner than I anticipated.

"Of course I had to run considerable risk, but every chance was in my favor. I felt very sure that once having known me it would not be probable that you would meet Fornor, and meeting her you could not know her, unless she chose to tell you."

Again she paused, her cheeks highly colored, a panting breath parting her lips. Her eyes were fixed on the grise wall they had nearly all the time she had been talking. She receded forward and took a glance from the table and drapery. In the silence that followed she sat quiet, with clasped hands. Branwell saw the hurried flutter of her heart ruffling the drapery above it. She knew it was the quick march to death, and she was not sorry.

"You are very tired. Shall we not defer this explanation?"

"My letter gives me the sweet power of saying that we shall not be separated, that the tie which binds you is the tie that binds you to me. For I was your Fornor. Dear as is this writing to you, the thought that I shall soon see you is dearer still, and words which I cannot write will come to me in your presence."

"Estimable! I don't know him! What business has he running after our Lucy?" cried Mrs. Ruskin, pulling her thread and needle with increasing vivacity as she warmed herself with the disengaged foot upon the neatly braided hem-stitch. "It is of no manner of use! He might better stay away."

"He is a very estimable young man," quietly remarked Mr. Ruskin, looking over his spectacles to the cosy corner where he was reading the Daily Bulletin.

"Estimable! I don't know him! What business has he running after our Lucy?"

"The letter is to him, and the next instant he was reading words which she had written—his wife—in reply to the letter he had left for her when he had come away from Niagara.

The letter was not long. His fiery gaze devoured it with the swiftness of light.

"Your letter gives me the sweet power of saying that we shall not be separated, that the tie which binds you is the tie that binds you to me. For I was your Fornor. Dear as is this writing to you, the thought that I shall soon see you is dearer still, and words which I cannot write will come to me in your presence."

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THERE IS A STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHREIBERN.

There is a star!
I shone upon you through the night
With rarer light—most divinely bright,
And, looking up, I almost see
A faint of deepest glory.

With rarest light, the earth has gone,
And left me in the dark alone,
Yet pitying, with a beaming hand,
It guides me to the morning-land.
There is a star!

There is a flower!
How soft the fallen boughs repose!
From them leaves looking up,
No waxen liles bending low,
A heart of gold encased in snow.

You sing the hushes of midnight,
And hushes of the quiet day,
But one, thy love, at rest, rose,
The royal crimson-hearted rose.

There is a flower!

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.
A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURR THORNBURY.

AUTHOR OF "SKALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES ATRE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

Henry Hale had arrived at Clermont. He came as if long-accustomed right: as if no mystery hung over his long absence from his father's companionship. He settled into the place as easily and familiarly as if he had only been away on a common-place journey.

All this was very surprising to Mrs. Mount, and to Auria also.

"What do you think of the young man?" the widow asked of the latter after the induction of the cause of his long seclusion.

"The circumstances of the case may be painful," said Auria, with slight depression expressed in her tones, though she did not wonder that the wide world over was interested in the subject. "I am content to wait the pleasure of Uncle Sydman in removing the mystery."

"And I also, Miss Auria, though I do not expect a speedy knowledge of the case. Perhaps I have no business to feel curiosity in regard to it, but one cannot help wondering. As the master stands I am glad that the young gentleman is so intelligent and agreeable. How dreadful it would be to have him stupid or otherwise uncompanionable."

Auria smiled. She was thinking that possibly he might prove too agreeable. His good-nature seemed to be superabundant, and this, in connection with his evidently indolent disposition, tended to make him too mild and yielding for sound manliness. A more stolid in the composition would have improved him much, yet in conversation he could be animated, sprightly and amusing.

Mrs. Mount was quick to note his extraordinary and unvarying mildness of manner.

"I wonder if it will last?" she said to Auria some days later. "I hope he will change a little, though to be sure he is very pleasant. But I like a spice of temper about a man. Young Mr. Hale is surely too good-natured. He stumbled over the cat this morning in the dining-room—you know Pet is always under our feet—and though he fell against a chair, he didn't even frown. Most men couldn't help looking dark a moment, though they pretended to laugh it off, for it does something a man had to do to be tripped by a cat."

"You must not be too severe in your condemnation of good-nature," laughed the fair girl. "Such exhibitions of it are rare enough to be valued."

Yet Auria herself came at last to be unpleasantly impressed with the young gentleman's tiresome shawtness of manner. There was something peculiar in it. But the two got along very well together, to Sydman Hale's great satisfaction, who took a watchful interest in the progress of their acquaintance.

"She tolerates him—even likes him," reflected the merchant one evening as he sat alone. After a time she may come to love him, and then all will be well. I feared that she would be too fond of him, and come at last to have a contempt for him. Henry is so gay and over-persuasent in his ways. He has apparently forgotten that impudent young sea captain, and Gilbert Dunton she positively dislikes. Things will turn out right, after all."

He chuckled, and the greedy,avaricious look shone stronger in his eyes. Had the plotting man known what a deep and tender interest his beautiful ward still took in the welfare of Captain Armeton: how often through her friends, the Hammonds, she heard from him; and how she rejoiced in the hope of soon meeting her betrothed under that friendly roof—he might have been less confident of directing Auria's affections for himself.

"If fortune will only favor me a little longer, he continued to himself, "if I can only have time—time (for haste will not answer in this matter) and if my son only can be kept."

He did not, even to himself, breathe his further thoughts. A dark, anxious look shadowed his face, and he slightly trembled, as if the evil he meditated appealed for a moment. A transient feeling of remorse then appeared to move him.

"If this curse were only removed from my son," he thought, "how ambitious and affectionate would urge me in this work. As it is, only assured love of gain controls me. Oh, my son—my lost, lost son! would that be kept?"

were restored to me, and to whom I now have, were taken from me forever! Would that the lost were living and in my house, and the other in his grave!"

An aged woman bowed till the breast of the unhappy man. He bowed his head and paced the floor; and the old hard look was in his eye—the old wicked purpose in his heart.

At this moment a knock was heard at the door of the apartment in which he was. He bade the applicant for admission, enter, and his son came in.

The personal resemblance of Henry Hale to his father, so far as outline of figure and cast of features go, was remarkable. But there the likeness ended, and an equally remarkable contrast was presented. The son was of light complexion, with blue eyes and sandy hair. An expression of mildness and softness appeared in his countenance, while the face of the father wore a hardness of look that never gave way to a hypocritical smile, which he had a power to gain thereby. The latter, at one glance, could be taken by a physiognomist, for a man of resolute purpose and unyielding will; the former for a vacillating, submissive person, too tractable, probably, in the hands of a schemer for his own good.

Over this weakness of his character, he wore like a thin veil, that covered but did not conceal, that indescribable suavity of manner, to which we have already referred. At first it might please, and even charm, but it would become irksome at last.

Syndam Hale looked keenly at his son, as the latter entered the apartment. That close, quiet, scrutiny over, he pointed him to a seat, which the young man took with a sort of sigh.

"You are tired or troubled to-night, Henry," remarked the father in an anxious tone. "Which is it?"

"I have done nothing to weary me, and have nothing to trouble me," was the reply, accompanied with a faint smile.

"You should have occupation. You have never been accustomed to it, but it is not too late yet."

"No: my life has been one of idleness, if I remember," said Henry Hale, sadly, passing his small white hand over his brow.

A look of apprehension appeared in the father's face. A strange expression of dreaminess and forgetfulness was in that of the son.

"Don't try to remember, my son. Never mind the past. Make up for your former indecision by greater activity now. Suppose that Henry, the boy, may carry himself in winning the hand of the beautiful Auria Melford. That would be fine employment."

The young man started, and his father looked at him with the air of one making a strong suggestion.

"Delightful!" spoke the former at last, as if upon reflection he had quite satisfied himself of the agreeableness of such a pasture. "Have you never thought of it before?" asked Sydman Hale.

"Never," responded the son, abstractedly, as if he were wondering why the idea had not occurred to him.

The servant withdrew—and Syndam Hale, before going to meet his visitor, thus reflected:

"He comes, no doubt, to propose for the hand of Auria Melford. Well, I must be decisive with him: I have other views for my ward that will not admit of the encouragement of Gilbert Dunton's suit—if suit it may be called—when Auria is really destined to his society. I have heretofoe held quite a friendly feeling for the young man—I know not why it is, but I have been somewhat strongly attracted to him—but that was before the present possibility presented itself: the union of my son and my ward. Besides, why need I fear Gilbert Dunton? He cares nothing for me; he seeks his own selfish advancement more than anything else. Why should I fail in my present purpose? I will not; I will persevere and succeed."

He proceeded to the library where Gilbert Dunton was impatiently awaiting his coming.

He greeted the young man respectfully but coolly. He knew his intentions—or imagined he did—and desired to impress him with a sense of disapproval of his object beforehand.

Gilbert noticed the change in the merchant's manner, which hitherto had been quite cordial.

"It is as Sons says," he thought, "I'm to find little favor at the hands of Syndam Hale. Fortunately, I can compel his favor."

"I presume," said Dunton, after the exchange of a few common-place remarks, "that you can guess the object of my visit?"

"You have come to receive my answer to your proposal to marry my ward, if I mistake not," replied Mr. Hale, with decided coldness expressed in his tones. "I will speak plainly with you. In the first place, Miss Melford does not regard your pretensions with favor."

Gilbert Dunton's face flushed hotly, as he interrupted:

"I care little for that, since she has been from the first disdainful in her treatment of me. It is my intention to make her my wife, and I demand your co-operation to that end."

Syndam Hale stared in astonishment at the speaker.

"I am bold—you are insulting thus to speak," said Hale.

Gilbert Dunton laughed—a low, jeering laugh it was. He cared no longer for the merchant's favor, since he was about to compel him to lend him his aid in the matter.

He had again motioned Dunton to leave the apartment—but the latter showed no desire to depart.

"Not so fast, Mr. Hale," he said, threateningly. "Did you ever know a person named Lucy Grandon?"

"What do you mean?" cried the merchant, a deathly pallor overspreading his features.

The diver was alone, with the curiously-looking casket before him. His man had disappeared—he had watched them as they shot down the coast, until they were out of sight—and no human eye was near to witness his triumph or chagrin as he removed that rusty lid.

His hands trembled as he began to open it. The task was not to be performed without difficulty. The casket had been securely locked in the first place, and the rust and mould that covered it bound it together with a yet sterner grip. For a quarter of an hour he worked, and then removed the stubborn lid, but in vain. A few minutes' more work, and it yielded.

The parts were pried asunder, and lo! before the sight of the excited diver were spread the contents of the box. Necklaces, rings, crosses, pieces of coin, ear-drops, pearls of great value, even diamonds were there, and in a state of almost perfect preservation!

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the young man, triumphantly. "The question starts you, as well it might. I mean that I have in my pocket the death-bed affidavit of the woman named, in which you are accused of her murder."

Syndam Hale glared in dismay at the dark and sourfaced before him. He saw those stern merciless purposes that might prove his undoing.

"Prodice the paper," he faltered.

His visitor drew from his pocket the packet that had been given him by his friend.

"Read it," said the merchant, gasping with fear.

In cold, steady tones the fatal document was read. Syndam Hale listened in trembling terror. He attempted no concealment of his fears, for the charge had been suddenly made that he was confused and panic-stricken from the first.

"Your price for the packet?" he demanded.

"You price for the power I hold over you. These are my terms: first the hand of Auria Melford—with her consent or by force. Secondly—we will settle final terms afterward."

It was no dream after all—this legend of the sunken casket!

"Let me examine the affidavit. Doubtless

you have the original elsewhere, and the copy with you," said the sunning Hale.

"To copy and keep such copies would be dangerous. The original and only affidavit is in my hands. Your agitation proves its worth, nor shall I give it up until your ward becomes as wife. You shall assist me in bringing up that consummation, or the hangman's halter shall吊死 you."

"Sydman Hale grandly took the hard and cruel line that addressed you."

"Leave me for the present," he implored.

"That you may have time to plan escape from my power?"

"No, that I may reflect upon your terms. What if my ward cannot be forced to wed you?"

"Together we can compel her. Do you promise your assistance?"

"I do."

"At your peril then, deserve me. Why cannot that lady be forced to marry me in spite of your son? Ha! ha! I will see you tomorrow evening at eight. Till then, adieu."

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"At your peril then, deserve me. Why cannot that lady be forced to marry me in spite of your son? Ha! ha! I will see you tomorrow evening at eight. Till then, adieu."

"Leave me for the present," he implored.

"That you may have time to plan escape from my power?"

"No, that I may reflect upon your terms. What if my ward cannot be forced to wed you?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

although she felt as if smitten by a sudden death.

She had a hazy perception that Colonel Waldron pointed out a furious torrent of accusations, in which he accused the woman before him claiming to be his wife of all the wickedness human nature could be capable, lying being the smallest of her evil accomplishments; and she noticed, also, that Mr. Rokeby and Berlie listened to him in contemptuous silence, and that Daisy looked on as if she was in possession of confirmatory facts.

Her heart was like lead, dead, cold lead, and refused to beat. The disclosure which was to crush her seemed to be coming in earnest now. She held firmly by a table, yet knew not how she supported herself.

The Philadelphia Ledger says of the Stokes verdict: "The ways of New York courts and juries are not finding out by the exercise of ordinary powers of reason." Stokes, who shot Fisk, is not convicted of an assault of his horse, but has just the next thing to an acquittal, in the 'disagreement of the jury.' This result was expected by nearly everyone who kept informed of the proceedings in Court. The case with which the counsel for the defense succeeded in staving off the trial for several months; the utterly absurd manner in which perfectly qualified, intelligent men were prevented from serving on the jury; the extraordinary latitude allowed to counsel, with the disgraceful personal alterations to which it led, and a great many other similar circumstances, prepared the public mind for any final absurd result, anywhere from a 'hung jury' to 'Keep your place, man,' he cried, with a determined air. 'At least, here you shall not air your unmanly nature.'

"But will you believe that woman's word in preference to mine?" he cried, foaming at the mouth.

"I believe these," returned Mr. Rokeby, holding up a packet of letters. "Some of them are addressed to 'Pretty Joyce,' some to 'My dear little wifey'—are all signed 'Charles Elvins Waldron.' I have had these letters a short time in my possession. I have compared them with others sent to me by you, and signed also 'Charles Elvins Waldron.' I have no hesitation in saying that they are all in the same handwriting, and all written by you, Colonel Waldron. I have also another document, to which I will refer presently. We will, however, at once revert to the main point, which ill-used lady—for a colonel's wife she is a lady—can give us positive evidence." He turned to Joyce Stoke, and said, "Do you know that young maiden?" indicating Daisy with a wave of his hand.

"Perfectly well," she answered promptly. "Thousands know Mark Jarrett's Daisy, and I ought to know her."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Rokeby, with rapid eagerness.

"I have known her since she was a little girl," she replied, brushing a tear away with the back of her hand, "a bright, lovely child. I have known her in her beaming girlhood. I know her as you see her now. Although others who should have been kind to me treated me coldly, she had always a tender word, a bright smile, and a gentle gift to profuse me. Know her?—Ay, I do, and love her more than her, as hundreds do."

Mr. Rokeby smiled graciously, and Bertie felt like hugging her.

"Colonel Waldron has told us that she is your child. Is it so?" asked Mr. Rokeby, in a grave, solemn, earnest tone.

"You dare not deny it, woman," cried Gabrielle, in a half-frenzied, insane, and menacing way.

Joyce Stoke looked sternly at her, and folding her arms, said—

"Colonel Waldron is a scoundrel, and a cold-blooded liar. Mark Jarrett's Daisy is not my daughter—but hers are you!"

With a piercing shriek Gabrielle plashed fingers in her ears, and fled like a lapwing from the room, her "nest."

She locked all the doors, and gave way to a frantic paroxysm of rage, agony, and despair.

After a time she made great efforts to recover a little composure, and when she succeeded she sat down and penanced the following letter, which, as soon as she had finished, she despatched by a trustworthy messenger.

"DEAR DEAR, DARLING MASTRON.—I have decided at last to be yours—yours, whom I so love, you put you. My position here is positively undurable. Knowing that I am the only heiress to the Tempocoupe property, the fawning and slavering of the whole family is sickening. Uncle insists upon my marrying Wil at once. I will die rather. I will meet you with my maid at half-past ten tomorrow morning at the corner of Church and Square, near St. George's Church. Be prepared, I have a secret and everything, and I will give you all I possess in the world. But dear Mastron, pray be kind and good to me after the dreadful knot is tied. Thine, with extreme love,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE TRIAL OF STOKES IN NEW YORK.

The jury in the Stokes case came into court on the morning of July 15 and reported their inability to agree on a verdict. The court, therefore, directed them to be discharged. The scene, for a while, was quite exciting. The prisoner's friends, in great numbers, thronged around him and shook hands with him, while his old, gray-haired father was overcome with emotion, and cried like a child. Stokes himself was apparently but little excited, though pale and nervous. He is now remanded to jail to await a second trial.

It is understood that on Saturday evening when the jury first retired to deliberate, a ballot was taken, which resulted in seven for murder in the first degree, three for acquittal and two for manslaughter in the third degree. The names of the two for murder are Myer Neuberger, Benjamin Williams Neuberger, Michael Hayes, John E. T. Head, Peter E. Hopkins, and W. A. Lefever. The jurors for acquittal were Rodrick Hogan, W. H. Thompson, and John Tucker, and the two for manslaughter in the third degree were Theodore Flammie and Henry C. Whetstone.

This state of affairs remained until the jury came into court and got Colonel Fisk's clothes. The clothes were all tried on one of the jurors, and they arrived at the conclusion that Fisk had both his hands enveloped in his military cap at the time Stokes fired, and consequently that the theory of Fisk drawing a pistol was a humbug. This influenced the jury for acquittal to vote round for manslaughter in the third degree.

The medical testimony was thrown out altogether, all believing the wound must have been inflicted during the first, and the question of insanity was barely referred to.

There was a long discussion as to the pre-meditation. All the jurors were of opinion that Stokes never went to the Grand Central with the premeditated design of meeting and killing Fisk. The seven jurors who were for murder believe that when Stokes met Fisk on the stairs, in a moment he formed in his mind the design of killing Fisk, and that this second was sufficient time for pre-meditation. The five jurors stoutly maintained that Stokes pulled out the pistol in the heat of passion, and that his crime was done in the third degree.

The debate on this point became quite exciting, and some harsh words were used on both sides. Time and again a roll was taken, but all to no purpose, and at last the jurors fell asleep, but awoke in precisely the same state of mind. Finally they gave up the dispute, seeing there was no hope of altering their opinions. It is the opinion of several of

the jurors that if they were allowed to bring a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree, or manslaughter in one of the higher degrees, they would have arrived at a verdict. But this was not allowed them, as the Judge charged them that they should either find a verdict of murder in the first degree, manslaughter in the third degree, or acquittal.

The result was the subject of animated conversation all the afternoon, public opinion deciding as to the right and wrong of it. Some think the prisoner will soon be released on bail, but in the present state of the public mind on the subject it is hardly probable.

The prosecution, it is understood, will endeavor to change the venue of the next trial to some of the up river towns.

The Philadelphia Ledger says of the Stokes verdict: "The ways of New York courts and juries are not finding out by the exercise of ordinary powers of reason."

John Fisk, with far more calmness than might have been expected of him, said to the colonel, coldly and sternly—

"Do you refuse to acknowledge this person as Joyce Stoke as your wife, Waldron?"

"It is a hideous lie!" he half screamed.

"You contemptible reptile, you disgrace to the scariest, and shame to the flag you bore when I first knew you," cried Joyce Stoke, with a snorting lip. "Much as I despise you, you object rascal, you are my husband, and you know it."

"Wretched! I'll murder you!" he cried, springing furiously at her.

Bertie Rokeby caught him by the collar and flung him back.

"Keep your place, man," he cried, with a determined air. "At least, here you shall not air your unmanly nature."

"But will you believe that woman's word in preference to mine?" he cried, foaming at the mouth.

"I believe these," returned Mr. Rokeby, holding up a packet of letters. "Some of them are addressed to 'Pretty Joyce,' some to 'My dear little wifey'—are all signed 'Charles Elvins Waldron.' I have had these letters a short time in my possession. I have compared them with others sent to me by you, and signed also 'Charles Elvins Waldron.' I have no hesitation in saying that they are all in the same handwriting, and all written by you, Colonel Waldron."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[July 27, 1872]

WIT AND HUMOR.

A DISRESPECTED OLD IDIOT.

A certain gentleman in this city went into a restaurant the other day, and when one of the waiters who was not an old-timer appeared, the following conversation ensued:

"Gentleman—I want to get Martin's Ego & Organs."

"Waiter—(looking half mad and half scared, and staring at the waiter for a minute or two in utter bewilderment)—Wh-uh-wh-what d'you say?"

"Gentleman—I say I want you to give me Martin's Ego & Organs; and I want it quick too."

"Waiter—(still nervous, and yet looking as if he thought there must be a joke about it)—Don't ask for that again, will you, please? I don't exactly get the Ego & Organs."

"Gentleman—(angrily)—I called to get Martin's Ego & Organs. I saw it advertised, and I want it. Now, have you got that Ego & Organs or not?" If you have, run it out; for I'm in a hurry."

"Waiter—You must take me for a fool, don't you? This is no message shop. This is a meat store. What do you suppose we know about Martin's Ego & Organs, or his dog, or his unknown dog, or any other dog belonging to any other man? You never hear of any?" We don't deal in dogs. Martin never left his dog around here anywhere. Why, you talk like a—(suddenly calling to his fellow-clerk)—I say John, here's a mounted old idiot in here wanting to buy some kind of an Italian cold dog. Send for a policeman. He's mad."

The organist then left. There ought to be more attention paid to instruction in the French language in the schools of this country—that's certain.

A MAN WHO TAKES HIS MEDICINE REGULAR.

BY MAX ADLER.

A sick man in Harrisburg was ordered by his physician to take three ounces of brandy a day. In order to be mathematically correct in measuring his doses, the invalid turned to the arithmetic and ascertained that sixteen drachms make an ounce. By multiplying multiply three by sixteen he arrived at the figures forty-eight as the precise number of drachms to be taken. He therefore began to wrestle with two large drams every morning, and he has been in a state of horrible intoxication ever since. His friends think that either the doctor made a mistake or the arithmetic is somehow wrong. The invalid has learned to surmiser something about the influence of the Gulf Stream, but those who are familiar with the phenomena of that body of water affirm that the Gulf Stream exercises no de-moralizing influence over the table of wine-and-beer measure, and has no bearing upon drinks generally.—*Philadelphia Dispatch*.

HOW LONG A MAN CAN HANG.

"Doctor," exclaimed a waggon boy of a well-known doctor, who was hurriedly passing out of the post-office, "Doctor, how long will it take hanging to pine death?"

"Twenty, or at most thirty minutes," replied the doctor, pausing, "but why do you ask?"

"O, because last night I saw a man hanging for two mortal sins, and he is not dead yet."

"You did!" exclaimed the doctor, sonorously. "I haven't heard a word of this yet. Where was the man hanging?"

"He was hanging around an ale shop on North street," replied the wag.

The doctor gave utterance to something that sounded very much like a bosphorus expression, and passed on.

AN UNFORTUNATE EDITOR.

The unfortunate junior editor of the *Park Review* suffers from the malady of his senior, as will be seen by the following:

"A country newspaper that has nothing to say of 'Dolly Varden.' For about two months now this unfortunate female has monopolized the attention of the public. Even Mrs. Woodfall had to take a hand seat. Any person exhibiting a copy of a sheet that has nothing but the prevailing temper will be liberally rewarded. The above appeared in the *Review* some days since, and was the unhappy thought of the senior editor. And now the senior has gone of bushwhacking around the country, and here comes the Pontiac Sentinel in us, containing the above ad, with the following addition: 'I am your bushwhacker.' Fine remit, Kellog."

"We will say to brother Kellog that the consciousness of his own infidelity virtue must be his reward. And we expect that hundreds of papers will come to us similar remark, while we are alone. And we say further, that if the management and senior editor of the paper get me into any more such scrapes as this, we shall tear off our page and start a little paper of our own."

OLDER THAN HIS MOTHER.

In the Park Court of Correctional Police recently, a lady by no means young, advanced respectfully to the witness-stand to give her testimony.

"What is your name?"

"Virginia Loustat."

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-five."—Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.

The lady's evidence being taken she regained her place, still acquiescently breathing, and the next witness was introduced. That one was a full-grown young man.

"Your name?" said the judge.

"Louie,"

"Twenty-seven."

"Are you a relative of the last witness?"

"I am her son."

"Ah, well," murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

A RELATED PARSON.

Western Pennsylvania has a clergymen-named Talbot. On one occasion he had come into church late, after a long journey, and was spattered with mud from head to foot. A huge pair of raw-hide boots, size about fifteen, covered with a coating of "unintended dust." They were painfully conspicuous. His congregation was a good-natured lot to respect to look at his appearance, and no remark was made until he stood up at a small deal table, which was bare of all covering, to preach his sermon. The table was without cloth, and the dirty raw-hide boots were singularly distinct objects when compared with the neat surroundings of the altar. Yet not a whisper was heard until the reverend gentleman announced his text: "How beautiful are the feet of them who stand at the gates of Zion." For a moment there was only a suppressed tit-tat; then, all at once, the whole congregation burst into a roar.

Not long ago two boys were hunting around one of the travelling minstrels he is in Quincy, Ill., trying to get in. At last one of them went up to the doorkeeper, and by signs, made him believe he was dead and done so, the doorkeeper let him go in. The other, seeing the success of his partner, went up and made the same signs. "What?" says the doorkeeper, "are you dead and done?" "Yes," and the hopeful lad, then, as he recovered a taste of auto-leather, he re-

"A Chinaman in San Francisco, who has given himself up as the murderer of San Leung, happens to be named Ah Hung. And I do not deny, in regard to the name, what that name might imply."

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 20. DOBBES, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN GARNER.

Got a sort of letter from C. O. P. Harvey, reading thus:

"Curious case hereabouts. Fellow hanging round several days—seemed partially insane—looked after him somewhat. Quoted him—oh, did; came to conclusion that he was a common vagrant, with no means of support. Began to grow more wild and singular in appearance. City got nervous about him, took him to insane asylum."

"Tarried three days, then, in common parlance, 'out sick.' Evaded keepers going to run away; did not get started right; ran into B. T. Barclay's jewelry shop and filled his breeches pockets with gold watches. Light-headed, you know, and somewhat狂妄."

"Next sheet. City said. Last trace lost heading your way. Look sharp. If you fall in with Dobbs—new physician coming up from Kennebunk to take charge of the asylum—give him a word of caution to look sharp."

"Follow of medium height, somewhat peculiar in appearance, 1½ to 2 p.m. today, &c., &c.

This was in the primal days of my detective life, when I imagined that but a few lucky hits would elevate me into wearing before my name the C. O. P., which being interpreted reads, Chief of Police. Then I should do nothing myself but keep out of dangerous places, and dictate them and so to my superiors.

I had made one or two brilliant catches even then. I had laid violent hands upon some wharf rats guilty of the midnight traffic of smuggling bad whiskey into the back alleys of the "slum" districts of the city. I had pounced upon several petty burglars; had captured one or more disreputable pick-pockets, and so on, and was on the alert for anything new in my line.

I read Harvey's letter again. "Medium height—peculiar appearance, &c., &c."

"Could get over and understand everything but the last. Always considered them an uncommunicative cult to the alphabet. In this case they might mean much, or little, how could I tell? Must look sharp for the A.C.'s."

Was taking a lunch at Row's when I received the letter, got the remainder of my thirty cents' worth through the strait-strait from my palate to where the gastric juice could finish up, with all possible dispatch; punched his hat in at the crowd, and stepped on board the 12:30 train, calculating to change cars for the Portland and Kennebunk line, and stop a few hours in B.

At 12:30 a road, a stopping place by the highway, in a country place with a huge overgrown forest on the one hand and a sluggish river on the other, we took on that narrow of small pattern thives.

"Now," says I, "Carries, poonies! Don't let another share your glory—poonies!"

I pounced. My hand straddled A.C.'s collar in a twinkling, and "you're my prisoner, I, while he vomited explosives by the handful."

If I only knew just where far-caps con-federate was, I would pounce upon blue stockings and risk being worsted.

Ran an eye a-scouting around the station.

Had confederate making his way over female houses, but稻田稻田, striding over grinning trunks whose jaws were crammed with dry goods, came furtive.

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Up came his thumb and finger into my mouth, while I thought of the old round, "A turn and a twisting should twist him a twist, what stiff will run through the ear-bellum at such time as but by St. Patrick: he did not say to myself, that there was any law for travellers. As the train which had not fairly stopped to pick up the怠慢的 passenger, now began clattering forward again, the man seemingly not finding things to please him in the forward portion of the train, made his way into the rear car, and taking a seat directly in front of me, mopped his face vigorously with a grey bright handkerchief, and hunched still farther down into his great coat. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a pair of blue spectacles, round high on the bridge of his rather large, double-barrelled nose.

With a turgid sensation of the nerves, I gave it thought that had just punctuated my brain. I then assumed a hasty, dozing attitude, the better to watch and wait.

Directly this new-comer, after glancing furtively over the population of the car, turned squarely round and gave me the benefit of a glance from his keen, rapidly rolling eyes. Not content with the first gaze, he turned again, and this time I knew the man unceasingly not finding things to please him in the forward portion of the train, made his way into the rear car, and taking a seat directly in front of me, mopped his face vigorously with a grey bright handkerchief, and hunched still farther down into his great coat. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a pair of blue spectacles, round high on the bridge of his rather large, double-barrelled nose.

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